

A
0
0
1
2
4
7
6
2
2
2



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



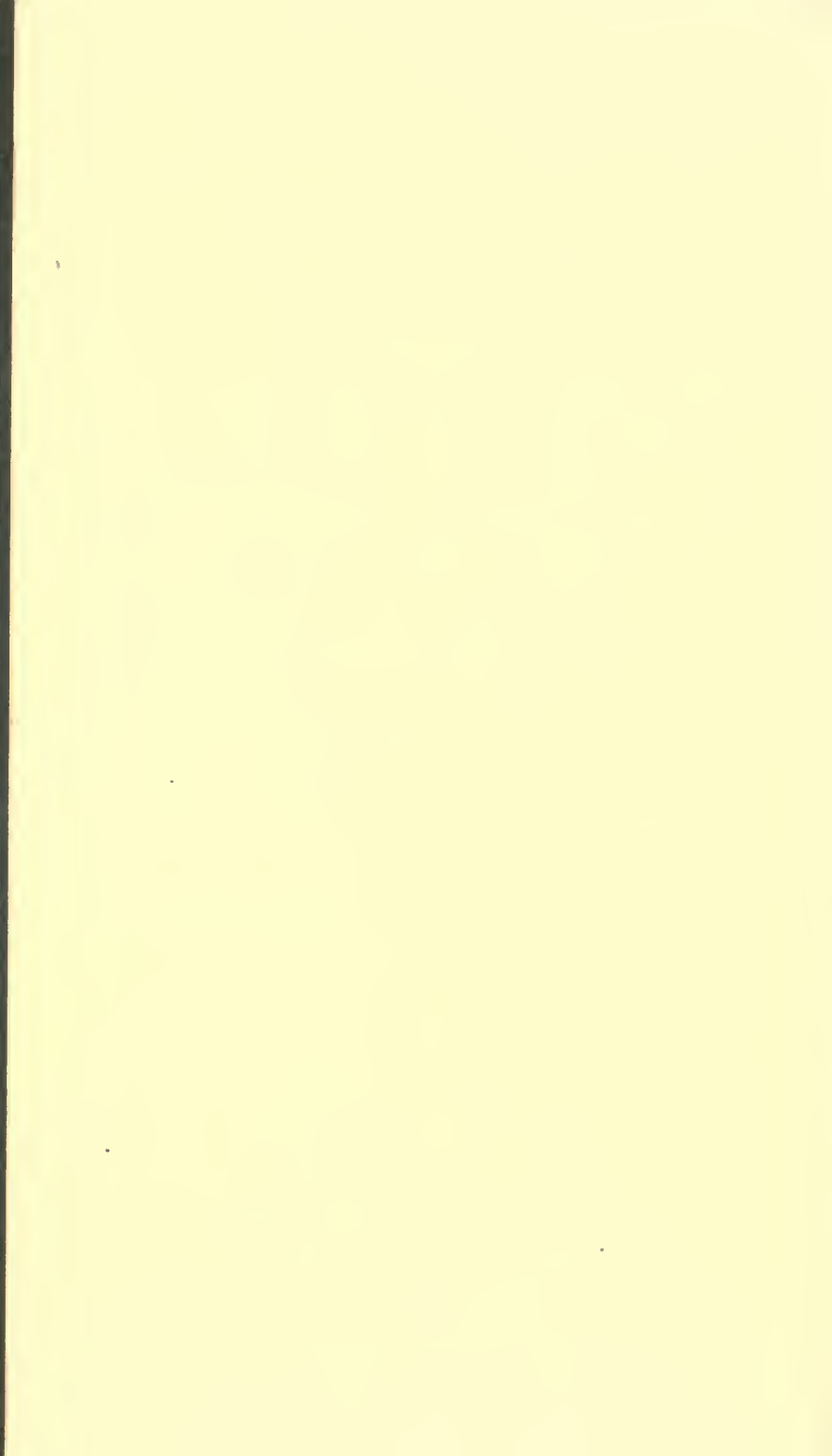
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

From Behind
the Factory Walls



BY
H. ZIMMERMAN

7



75
3549
Z64f

10-10-20
115.
I'm a son of a foreign land,
And maybe foreign sounds my song;
But that my voice shall be heard here,
I cherish the dream in heart long.

And if you would not understand
A word, a feeling, or a thought,
Then of a wanderer you think
That from a far land flowers brought.

By A. ZIMMERMAN.

Copyright 1922

by

A. Zimmerman

Let them sing of the glory of the mountains high,
I will sing of their rocks and stones,
Of beast that there in darkness cry,
Of beast and bird and of their groans.

O' let them sing of forests solemn great and old,
Of what it dreams and often grieves.
I will of its roots sing untold,
I will sing of the dying leaves.

* * * *

I happy felt and laughed,
But when of laughter tired got,
Began to feel in me the devil laughs.
I gloomy felt and cried.
But when my heart became sick crying,
I felt the beast in me was howling wild.
And silent I became—
And felt that I'm a mortal God,
That silently speak to the eternal.

* * * *

I saw today a song
Of charms and grace—
You, you it were,
It was your face.

I heard today a dream
Of pure rejoice—
It was of mirth
And cheer your voice.

Poor girl, happy you are because
Near the window given a place—
Where you rising your little head
See sometimes a passerby will face.

Poor girl, happy you are because
A little sunshine more you'll get.
O' poor girl, your toil the sun
And the world will make you to forget.

* * * *

Did you hear a sigh
In the darkness of the night—
A deep and gentle sigh
That disturbed the silence quiet!

O, may be a spirit kind
Fleeted by,
Or we chosen were
To hear a sad angel cry.

* * * *

We came in the world that our deathless souls
Shall feel that were in this world glorious great.
That in their wandering they didn't miss
A world. They misery and woe don't fear.
What it's to those that restless are to see
New heavens blue and stars above their heads.

And the Creator Lord said to Chaos:

“I want of you a world to create,
Chaos, Chaos, I will make of you
A world great.”

Then wailed and roared ages long, long Chaos
And said, O Lord, “Let me what was be
From commandments holy and from rules,
And laws free.”

And the Lord long thought and said to Chaos:
“Don’t fear, and don’t dread, you my first born!
You will never, never from the world
Be forlorn.”

* * * *

A voice I heard that I dreaded and distrusted
That whispered to me:
“Disregard the world!
Scoff the wise!
Let them walk their paths of right—
And you go your wrong path.
Let them laugh loudly at you—
You laugh inwardly at them.
Let them laugh in daylight at you—
You laughed at them in the darkness of night.
Let them find strength in the strength of the multitudes—
You seek strength in the strength of the one.”

* * * *

I know sometimes days and weeks long:
Your soul is burdened with a great, great feeling
And you don’t know why. But it is a song—
It is a song that is your heart deep thrilling.

Believe this thought, believe your inner voice!
Don’t say: “Not often generous is to us the nature.
O, it itself is full with great rejoice,
When makes with a song a soul or creature.”

TWO PRAYERS

Father, father of the world!
See as a beast wild
For a rabbit hunts
Trailing yours a helpless child.

Father, father of the world!
See the poor beast's pain,
As a whole night long
Starving hunts for prey in vain.

* * * *

Your sorrow deep you cannot tell,
You would your soul yourself offend—
But I your inner woe and pain
In my soul feel and understand.

Still untouched is your body white
And your tried, tempted soul is pure,
And all the storms great of days young.
Endured as wise old saints endure.

And now your body snowy white,
And your soul sweet you give away
To one that filled you with a sense
That you forever are his prey.

In their iron cages
I watched the wild beasts,
And by the lion old
Deeply was impressed.

And not by his strength,
And not by his grace,
But by his desire
Back and forth to pace.

No man ever chained,
No king in a cell
Could more of his woe
Than this pacing tell.

* * * *

I every day, hour every find
In me another unknown soul.
And left forgotten in behind
A fleeting dream, a deathless goal.

And dead tomorrow will be I
Dead will be the one of today,
And now for my soul dying cry
And now for the new born one pray.

O many thousands songs I wrote
And not a crust of bread for them I get—
And youth and life I sacrificed for them,
And that at night could write them, at day sweat.
And for them challenged life and death.
And I will may be struggling, struggling fall.
And those that will some day besmirch my name,
And those that insight will gain in my strange life,
Or that they gained will slanderously claim
O, devil's roar'll get honor, gold and fame.

* * * *

Once in my childhood poor and long, long gone
Of a strange pain in soul aware became—
It burned and burned and burned days long and
nights
Till thought in me it burns God's sacred flame.

And then I heard a grave and solemn voice:
"O, mortal bend your knees and hide your face!
And let your heart rejoice a great rejoice,
Because you're chosen to speak for your race.

It is you that in the humblest hovel're born,
That to the great and mighty sent to speak—
Because said leaders can make of forlorn
As thunders roar can make the weak and meek.

* * * *

I am a beast that through the jungle
Is making his trail all alone,
That's a proud outcast of his heard
Distrusted by all and loved by none.

And his heart's craving for a friend,
But his own brother wouldn't greet,
And in a deadly grip would fall,
If he his mate desired would meet.

There are thoughts that are born only in the mind
Of the poor, homeless, shelterless one—
In the minds of those that are alone.
O, many of those were born in my mind.

There are thoughts that are born only in the mind
Of the one that is out in rain and storm.
And feels as on a rock a worm.
O, many of those were born in my mind.

There are thoughts that are born only in the mind
That cannot see a world in need,
And wants for others cry and plead.
O, many of those were born in my mind.

* * * *

There are multitudes that weep
And the world sees never theirs a tear—
Millions cry in sorrow and pain deep
That men in life never, never hear.

There's in poverty and darkness great
Hidden hopes and glimpses of rejoice,—
O, Lord, let me see and hear their fate,
Let me of the voiceless be the voice.

* * * *

I am a loving child of cosmos,
A little child wise and deep feeling
That looks in the face sorrowful
Of his poor helpless, helpless mother.
And he feels all her pains and woes.
And he suspects hidden miseries
That with his love he cannot relieve.
And in his heart there's fear and pity
For his poor mother and himself—
And he tries to console her and
Tears bitter tears of a little child
Soul-broken roll down his cheeks.

When I am tired of the world,
When I am sick of the world,
When I am mad at the world—
Then I want to go to a forest
Or a field covered with grass,
Because there are times when men and women and
 children love;
And there are times when men and women and
 children hate,—
But in the bitterest moments of my life
Never felt yet hate in my soul to a tree
Or a blade of grass.

* * * *

The mystery of my strength was that I never
 seemed to the world what I am.
And I seemed to be foolishly smiling the smile of a
 fool peasant when I scoffed the world.
And I seemed to be a boneless weakling,
When I felt that stronger than storms was my
 desire to say my word.
And I seemed to be a willing slave when bathe and
 drown could my masters in the boundless sneer-
 ing hate of my soul.

* * * *

For the sun and field and forest
 Cries your soul
And you're told: Your holiest calling
 Is to toil.

And for goals far and world endless
 Long and crave,
And you're taught: The greater virtue
 Is to slave.

Days of misery knew,
When was hungry and cold,
And my pockets contained
I thought mountains of gold.

And I voiceless was,
And degraded and meek,
And thought that I was born
To a great world to speak.

With the gift I was born
To feel and understand,
But I ran from my foe
And still further from fired.

And I dreamed and I thought:
This is the wonderful fate
Of the one that wants help
God his world to create.

Woe's to the beast that to face's born.
Rain and hail and wild wind and storm—
To wander days lost and forlorn—
And givens a shelter quiet and warm.

Woe's to the beast that's born to roam
In fear and terror seeking prey—
And given is he it a restful home,
And blood to drink and bones to play.

Woe's to the beast that is born to scent
Of deadly enemy the breath—
And that protected from man's hand
And from beast's claws and beast's sharp teeth.

* * * *

O Lord, Lord as my ancestor of old
To sacrifice my child wouldn't fear,
If sacrifice him would be told,
But, pray, don't make your message him to bear!

O Lord, your will I wouldn't disobey
And slaughter would my only son—
But Lord, my Lord, O Lord, I pray
He shall not be born as me, your chosen one!

Where is your fatherland?—your say?—
I was with you in the same old world born—
And father poor and mother sweet I mourn,
And to the same old God I pray.

And in my childhood poor in sadness gone,
Loved I to look at the moon late at night,
And loved to see the same old stars bright,
And greeted as you were by the same sun.

And taken back by mother earth will be.
And as yours my soul God will have to face,
And glory immortal and endless grace
My soul and your soul of the same Lord'll see.

* * * *

God loves all, all the lonesome—
Those that are with sad and sick souls,
With longings hidden deep in their hearts
For far, far worlds and unreached goals.

God's with those that in silence cry
And only cry when all alone.
For the dreams holy unattained,
And for the days dear that are gone.

God loves the lonesome all that cry
As old oaks dying lonely quiet—
Because long hours he himself,
Cries in the darkness of the night.

God loves to be with all that cry
When all alone of their sad fate.
O, he himself of world's fair dreamed
Long ages that he couldn't create.

LIFE AND DEATH

On a summer sunny morning,
When the heavens scattered gold,
Chopping wood once saw
A man under a tree old.

And the tree in glory green
Greeted east and greeted west,
And spoke of its silken leaves,
And of the birds in its nests.

* * * *

I bless you, Lord, for the great glory
Of being by my brother men misunderstood.
And for the joys of bearing all their burdens,
And that for them I chosen was to brood.

I bless you, Lord, that I for them
Not they for me in darkness often shed a tear.
That I their pains to know their woes to carry
Born was not they my to know and to bear.

* * * *

You're laughing—laugh, but you remember,
Not a sound in the world is lost.
That wander'll through a thousand worlds
Till reach will to the holy ghost.

You're crying—cry, but you remember,
That ages long sound every soars.
And the Lord will turn away his face,
When hearken'll to your moaning coarse.

O, when win my life-long battle would,
And conquered would be my fate,
And a glorious and great
Victory and joy I could.
Through a long day celebrate—
A sorrow would feel that awake.
Can't my scoffers snatched by death;
That my sneerers are gone will regret—
The ones that urged to forsake
My goal, and dreams to forget.

* * * *

Proud she was and pure, pure in soul,
But faltered once and had to fall.
Since then she felt in sorrow grim—
There is no room for her and him
In this great world. But was to kind
Room for herself to seek to find.
So pure and proud and bold and grim,
She made room in the world for him.

* * * *

When I feel a tear,
I don't let it fall
On the muddy ground to sink,—
This is a child dear
Of my tortured soul
That's a song I'll adopt, I think.

So I was mocked.
I was born in the world with the frail body
Of a half-starved beast
And the face of a stone cutter or woodchopper,
And a soul that wanted to be always in the
Realms of thought and of dreams.
With a heart that yearned for the seen and unseen
Beautiful of life.

So I was mocked.

And so were you mocked.
Born with the grace and bearing of a king
With the strength of a beast that was fed
On warm blood and trembling yet with
Life flesh—
You only see the world you live in
And more you don't want and for more
You don't crave,
So were you mocked.

* * * *

O' Lord, I saw as your young children die
And as to death as brutal beast were sent,
And mother cried and fathers that couldn't cry
To their graves sad, heartbroken went.
And I, O Lord, wouldn't step on a crawling worm,
Lord, day every 're buried angels sweet
That came in world to fill us with delight,
Born love to radiate with every breath,
Given to the horror of an endless right
And I to fallen leaves would give a shelter warm.

* * * *

When God loves me,
I smile—
And his great presence
Feel for a while.

When God loves me,
I cry—
And hear him asking:
Poor child, why, why!

* * * *

More than the Lord of above
Pity I his children sick,
More than he his helpless weak
And all his creatures love.

Often pray for all the dead,
All the dead far, far and near,
And in my heart there is a tear
For all those that are with souls sad.

And the beauty feel I
More than He of birds that sing,
Of the flowers bright in spring
That so young and early die.

And I pity more the worm,
And the hungry roaming beast,
And the lark that lost her nest
In a night of rain and storm.

Than the Father of above,
Pity more his children poor,
And my soul cannot endure
To see them deprived of love.

My unknown dear!
As there is a God in the world I swear,
That flesh of my own flesh I often tear
That songs I could create.
But may be younger flesh demand will fate.

O unknown dear!
Will you let me flesh of your young flesh tear
That songs I could create?

My unknown dear!
As there is one God in the world I swear,
That blood of my blood to pour I don't fear
That songs I could create.
But may be purer blood demand will fate.

O unknown dear!
To pour your young pure blood would not you fear
That songs I could create?

* * * *

I saw my richest dream, most daring hopes
In the full bloom of a full life.
But not in my own poor dark life,
But in the lives of those that never
As I decades long toiled for bread—
And did not slave and sweat for a shelter,
And never were nights long awake,
And never knew the pains heartbreaking
Of failures great year after year;
And never saw the ruins ghastly
As I of what they built and built
With blood and tears.

Far in the cloudless, blue, blue of the heaven
Before my gaze my soul a cloud detects.
And every trembling ray of an old star
Reflects.

And often for the color of a rainbow
My lord in soul unwillingly reproach—
And feel sometimes a star is there in the world
Too much.

* * * *

The rustle of fallen leaves
Spoke to me and said:
“Death is in our lives
And alive when dead.”

Memorizing whisper
Puzzles of life and death.
Wonders whisper, whisper,
Lest we them forget.

* * * *

Birds that are dead will never sing.
Maybe this is the reason why
So often many of them die
In early spring.

Someone a great one that's somewhere,
The silence wants of a dark night—
That the world's voiceless and quiet
He wants to hear.

O, hearken to me Lord,
I speak for brother-man.
We want a God that roar
A healthy laughter can.

And be a fool as we,
And with us children play.
And shall not expect of us
Our worship and our pray.

O, hearken to me God!
I speak for brother-men.
We want and need a God
That with real tears cry can.

We are tired and bored to death
You to bless, to you pray.
And often mad makes us
That you're so far away.

O, hearken to me God!
I speak for brother-men.
Live with us, play with us,
Cry with us, if you can.

* * * *

Shing Lee kneeled before almighty Buddah
And, devotedly in woe and pain,
Prayed for the peace in his land,
For bread, sunshine and for rain.

And lo! a great and strange wonder happened—
Buddah solemnly moved once his head.
And Shing Lee, amazed by this great wonder,
Fell before his God on the ground dead.

In olden times once a strange wonder happened:
A mother with a child in a jungle strayed.
And long she sought in vain a trodden path,
And long in vain to heaven's implored and prayed.

And then died the poor and helpless mother.
And many years by the breast of the dead—
Till found there was once by a hunting king,
The infant with milk pure and fresh was fed.

* * * *

Blood of my blood all over in the world
For life and light and sunshine craves.
And flesh of my flesh in the farthest corners of the
world
By worms are eaten and forever rot in cold graves.

And souls of my soul are in deep hell and heaven
for the good that did and the evil.
And brothers poor of mine and sisters' helpless,
weak of mine,
In sorrow and despair call for God and the devil.

* * * *

Things that would call a miracle in my life,
That my soul would spur and overwhelm—
I saw in the lives of others.
And they were calm and ungrateful,
And, as suckling babies that bite the breast that
feeds them,
They drink of the joy of life,
And despise the source of them.
And given are they to them by the same power
That deprived me of light and air.

Said the new world to the old:
 You with toilers simple and plain
 Only paying 're for my grain.
For my bread and blood and gold."

Said the old world to the new:
 "Pay you'll with another wage—
 I the singer of the age,
Send you will sincere and true."

* * * *

Begin, begin, begin, begin.
This is what a new born child is told.
And this we hear in our age old—
Begin, begin, begin, begin.
To live, to laugh, to love, to win.
Begin, begin, begin, begin,
To dream, to ask, to think, to speak,
To wander and to roam and seek.
Begin, begin, begin, begin,
To hope, to do, to build, to sin.

* * * *

Kiddie, Kiddie, a little dove,
 A dove wounded found, a mother sad.
She so motionless and quiet
 Lay that thought that she is dead.

"And what'll you do with the dove?"
 My child, my little child! This dove will kill.
And for baby darling sweet,
 And for you will cook a meal.

A TRAGEDY OF THE JUNGLE

Back from the Jungle dying
Came to his den a wild beast,
Bleeding from a wound
Deadly in his breast.

The cubs licked the blood stained sand,
Fighting lustily around,
Waiting till more blood
Will be on the ground.

* * * *

From behind the old trees,
Looked long I at the naked moon.
And she dreamed in her nude glory.
Then she saw me, and confused
She smiled, and to hide herself
Tried behind the clouds.

* * * *

One thing my hard life impresses
Always on my mind—
Not to see the pains of men,
And be to their sorrows blind.
As they are to my sorrows blind.
And another thing impresses
My life on my mind—
To remember all my pains
When the world is not to me kind,
And be to the struggling kind.

* * * *

Deaf of the world, blind of the world!
I can you understand.
O, cripples and hunchbacks of the world,
I am your brother friend!

As all the blind don't see sometimes,
As all the deaf sometimes don't hear.
And as the cripples and the hunchbacks
In strange shame often shed a tear,

Far is the road and level is the road.
To lakes and mountains and to cities leads.
And the men that tread day and night the ground
Are of every race and breed and many creeds.

And in times gone a traceless jungle it was.
And the trail first made a man lost, forlorn.
That prayed and cried and pleaded cursing fate
Not knowing that to tread a path was born.

* * * *

It is a burden heavy
That men must bravely bear—
In days of pain and sorrow
Not to dare shed a tear.
And my soul cries and cries
And is longing for the right
That to my sisters is given—
To cry in days of plight.

* * * *

A thought lurked in my mind,
A thought that my soul stirred,
And troubled me for a while,
And disappeared.

Who knows maybe it is the thought
That wanders ages long,
That seeks a holy mind
And fiery tongue.

Maybe it was a thought
That would a world enlight,
And point to shortest path
To love and right.

Maybe you have no God above,
Maybe as grass you grow and die,
Maybe as beast in field and forest
To no one call, to no one cry.

But his might and his force I feel
In the bread that I'm given and not given
In every painful wound of mine
Feel the hand of the Lord in heaven.

* * * *

A water drop on the ground, fell
And, as if beast and men it feared,
It began to sink in the sand dry
And from the surface it disappeared.

It went to the depths of the earth,
The source of hidden springs to seek,
That could come back with a stream fair
Or with a noisy jumping creek.

* * * *

I'll find you among ten thousand,
When come will my day;
I'll find you among ten thousand
As a beast his prey.

A sight of yours, yours a whisper,
Will you me betray;
Here's the spoil that to me is promised
In wild joy I'll say.

She cried long in the great, great silence
And in the darkness of the night—
And he stood helplessly and humbled,
And silent was and quiet.
In the deep darkness of the night.
And those that heard it (angels heard it),
Cried long, long and noiselessly quiet.
They cried the strange way silence cries,
As darkness cries at night.
But they cried with him that was quiet.

* * * *

You, too, young sweet faced girl,
With sunbreak hurry to the factory gate!
Where you will share with us
Our miserable dark fate.

O if to toil, sweet child,
Must always I for shelter and for bread—
Why doesn't my slavery
Free you of this fate sad.

* * * *

I think, the Lord's my foe
And that he must me hate,
And feels regret and woe
That thought me to create.

He must be wrathful mad
That not poor man I blame,
That the world is gray and sad,
But that it's his fault claim.

O, how beautiful are the words we don't say!
They're as flowers that never yet a petal lost,
They are as trees—phantoms that their branches
 sway—
But that are by rain and storm never tossed.

They are children of a joy that words couldn't find,
They're the shyness of one that beg did not dare.
Truth hidden of one that to tell the truth is too kind,
Wounds of one that a heart wounded would not
 bare.

Words that weren't said are the curses of the wise,
And despair of the one that still cherishes his
 faith.
Of those that in darkness trust a sun'll arise,
Bringing glowing blossoms, scatter raining light.

* * * *

In Fall time winds blow day and night,
In Fall time winds blow the fallen leaves to scatter.
They scatter the leaves in the world,
The winds seek, seek for them far graves, graves
 unknown.

That in the long cold winter nights
The bare trees should not see around dead children.
The winds blow them away far, far
That the sorrow of the trees shall not be too great.

I am the one that fell a thousand times,
And that heard the crowd jeer, "You lost!"
But I could never dare to lose—
I was ashamed to lie in dust.

I was ashamed to breathe and not to struggle.
And disgrace feared a stone and grave,
If buried'll be as one that died in chains,
If die will with the marks of a slave.

* * * *

Ten songs yesterday I wrote,
But I didn't earn my bread—
But today not one I wrote,
This day sold to earn my bread.

O the devil's quaint humor's subtle.
And enjoy would I his wit,
If not I would be his victim,
But just the same fine's his wit.

* * * *

There are two in the world that know who I am—
God and me.
But he is silent, silent, silent.
And the world doesn't listen to me.
And the world does not listen to me.

In the beginning of beginnings
Two deathless forces were,
And one could not obey,
The other one could not conquer.

And so our great world was created
And warm blood thirst our breasts,
And we cry for the world
And we are lambs and we are beasts.

* * * *

That fate cruel on my road
I will meet, I knew—
But, God, I didn't think to find
On my way you too.

I thought that by men'll be scoffed
That chose a path new,
But didn't think that scoffed will be
My Lord by you too.

* * * *

The yellow trees with joy and love
See coming a girl pure and sweet.
And with deep tenderness they rustle
And as a dear friend loving greet.

The poor and simple trees happy are.
And they don't know that she wouldn't stroll
Among them late in summer days,
If unhappy wouldn't feel her soul.

I am driven by a duty
That's as hard as fate.
Stronger than all deepest passions
To create and recreate.

I am tortured by an urging
Of my cosmic soul.
To serve a God cosmic,
To enrich a cosmic goal.

* * * *

There are strange days in my and your life—
When a twittering bird us offend,
And provoked are by a fleeting star,
And hard's to bear the voice of a friend.

You long and long and you don't know why.
And things that you never craved, you crave.
And, woe's to you when you are a king!
And, woe's to you when you are a slave!

In days as these—thoughts of his gone youth
Fills the old with a great gloom.
The soul of the youth cries for his mate,
And a girl cries for her unknown groom.

I would not love and would not bless.
Because with sorrow in my breast,
In helpless anguish always saw
Downtrodden and oppressed.
The dear ones that I loved,
The dear ones that I blessed.

I swear forever not to curse,
And no one in the world to hate.
Because the ones in wrath I cursed—
It was my cruel fate
To see them gain and win,
And battles won celebrate.

* * * *

I strolled in the fields without a goal
And very sat I on a stone.
An endless jungle was in my soul
And was and felt I all alone, alone.

And I looked from afar at an oak old
That seemed as I to dream and long—
And bushes in the distance called
To share with him the thrill of a bird's song.

* * * *

The sun is hesitating,
The world to leave.
The shadows of the trees.
In silence grieve.

And creeping from afar
Comes the dark night,
And hushingly it whispers;
“Be quiet, be quiet!”

The girls dive and the girls plunge,
And the girls dance, the girls swim.
What makes them so happy? Not thoughts,
Not a dream.

The girls love the blazing sun—
And the sun see in the skies.
And when they gaze at the waves,
Its reflection meets their eyes.

* * * *

I dreamed in the shadow
Of a old, old tree.
And deep in my soul
Felt—it dreamed with me.

And, when evening dawned,
Rested left the tree,
And I felt it longed,
Longed to follow me.

* * * *

THE ETERNAL WOMANLY

My father died when I was a little child,
And when young, very, of my mother was deprived.
But know—that more my mother loved.
My brothers died in infancy but know—
My sister's love I more than them would love.
And in the world the plight of woman strange
My pitying heart touches more and deeper
Than the plight and woe of my brother man.
And, if would children have, the caress gentle
Of a little daughter love more than my sons would.

I put you on fire my poor songs.
Because when life by me were given,
My soul wasn't in heat and fever,
And flame of heaven.

And I dream you'll come back in the world—
When in my soul will be fire and light—
And as stars eternal you'll shine
In a dark night.

* * * *

Gentle, sweet and fragrant grew a flower
Of bird and bee a friend.
Once on a summer day its power
Lured to itself a cruel hand.

And for the dew and morning light,
And for the stars in heaven,
And for the dreams of evening quiet—
Was water in a little glass given.

* * * *

In my life often thought—the sun
Will come and give me light.
And then charred and burned were by it
The dreams and castles I built at night.

And the most tender breeze of spring
That cheer and vigor and relief
To my heart tired I hoped will bring—
Brought me new often pains and grief.

* * * *

The trees think a human thought.
And dream in a human spell.
And the moon is hinting unheard words,
Untold tales the stars little tell.

All obedient to the great Lord,
Quiet are and still—
And the mysteries of his,
And his glory don't reveal.

We were nothing and 'll be nothing,
As the far stars in the skies—
As the cry of a little child,
And as the light of fire flies.

We were nothing and 'll be nothing,
As our predecessors gone.
Don't fall in love with the world!
Don't fall in love with the sun!

* * * *

Today was out I in the suburbs
And I began to stray.
And I stopped a little girl,
And asked her for my way.

And cheerfully the sweet girl-child,
The girl-child sweet and plain,
With manner solemn tried
Me my way to explain.

We parted—and a feeling kind
Awoke deep in my breast,
And that shall never stray
In her life her I blessed.

* * * *

We're wise and we are sad,
Because came from the greatest of worlds—
From a world that was always nothing,
And's nothing, and'll be nothing, nothing.

We're thoughtful and we're gloomy,
Because go to the greatest of worlds
To a world that was always nothing,
And's nothing, and'll be nothing, nothing.

I want a great sun for myself.
And of my own a night.
And darkness would I give the owl,
The skylark give would light.

I for myself demand a world
That you may be don't need—
Where fish and seagulls fall in love,
And wolf with her milk rabbit'll feed.

* * * *

A strange dream he dreamed. His slave said
To him in a voice low and meek:
“O, master, with this I'll buy bread,
But how can I be sick?”

“O, master, when my children'll live,
I shelter and food them I'll buy.
But, how I coffins and graves will give
My children when they'll die?”

* * * *

In the blue heaven,
O, shimmering little star!
Are you too high?
I am too far?

Little, twinkling star
In the blue of the night,—
You miss my song,
I miss your light!

There's a fear in my heart that my soul
Will be overfilled with bitterness
And then, when a child'll tell me a word
Harsh or cruel, tears'll be in my eyes.

And men'll wonder and will say: "How foolish
He is. A child said a cruel word
And he cries as a little child himself
He would be."

* * * *

And I said to the silence of the fields—
I came to you that you shall life in me instill—
I was told that the green of grass,
Hope and strength give again me will.

And with a sick and longing heart I said
To the spread glory of the endless blue in heaven:
"Faith and rest, and hopes, and dreams great
By you, I was told, to men's often given."

And the green of the grass, and the silence great,
And the blue of the heaven said: "O, we bless
With faith and joy, and cheer, and dreams
All those that joy and life and love possess."

O, woe's to me that wise I am!
That so much sad I see ahead,
That the age old of children see,
And of young brides the future sad.

O, woe's to me that wise I am!
That ask why, why a home build I?
Why seek a mate and children have?
When she and I and they will die.

* * * *

I want a slave
That, when will seek my heart to win,
Shall have the gift to feel—
The hour stroke when long for a queen.

A ruler want,
A ruler unafraid and brave,
That feel shall—that's the time
That most I need is a meek slave.

* * * *

I was sad, sad today and glad
And happy felt, and unhappy felt—
I met today the one that I
Would choose to be the mother great
Of our world. If the Lord decide
Would to create a better race.
And I couldn't fall on my knees,
And I could not touch with my lips
Her toes, and could not pray to her,
And couldn't ask her to touch me
With her pale fingers.

A DREAM

In those days o' cruel devil
That, when helpless was'll remind
Roaring wild a scoffing laughter
Followed me behind.

And I, cruelly triumphing,
Will at you my laughter roar,
And will make you feel the sorrows
Of my heart of yore.

* * * *

LOOKING AT THE CROWD

Gloomy men, men sad
Out in rain and storm,
Struggle and fight for bread,
And for shelter warm.

Only I alone, alone,
Dream of things strange that by heaven
Only to a chosen one
Once in an age long is given.

In a better world live will

Those that in the future will be born.
They our sorrows would not feel,
They our losses would not mourn—
And their days in strife will not be forlorn.

But we chosen are by fate

To joys higher and to joys deep more—
We're in the world to create
All that is for them in store,
And we are the father of the great.

* * * *

We are two worlds,

Two worlds that long to meet,
And each of us
Is to the other sweet.

And when two worlds

In universe must meet,
The weaker one
The better one is lost.

* * * *

Many, many children souls

Sweet and charming are in heaven—
Why was taken back to his Lord,
When not long to earth was given?

Father, Father of the world,

Father of the pure and just?
You a little soul only gained
And a mother a world lost.

Don't tell me you did not sin—
In a world of sinners we must hate the saints.
Don't tell me you did not sin,
Because of all sins one of the greatest is: NOT to
 be human enough to sin.
Don't tell me you did not sin,
Because the greatest of sins is not to be brave
 enough to sin.

* * * *

Chilly are the starry heavens
 And the dozing trees are quiet,
And you see the stars are proud
 Of the splendor of their night.

Cloud and moon you see are awake
 In the full glory of their state.
You ask them for their subtle spell,
 In a hush they answer, "Wait."

* * * *

Under the leaves yellow of the trees
 Stood a girl child
Dressed in snowy white and scarlet
 And innocently smiled.

At the picture looked admiring I
 Of life and death.
O it's painful to remember,
 Painful to forget.

I saw today a happy girl
That was a job this morning given,
And felt as she would get a gift
From a fate kind or boon from heaven.

And this job I know'll bend her spine
And ruin will her girlish grace,
And break her youthful spirit will,
And rob the color of her face.

* * * *

If I would be a God, maybe I bloody sacrifices
would demand—
Because I know the fascination of demanding
sacrifices.
If I would be a high priest, I may be would offer
my brother man to my deity
Because I know the spell of offering.
If I would be a savage father, my child would
sacrifice
Because withstand couldn't the urging passion to
be a victim of my creator—
Because I found I couldn't resist the lure of sacri-
ficing my life, my youth and every throb of
my soul to an unknown God.

* * * *

The waves of the ocean storm the boat.
O ocean, ocean, whom do have on the bottom?
To whom do you want to bring a precious gift?
Are the monsters hungry and you promised them a
meal?
Are the fishes gloomy and you promised them
playthings?

A mother was glad,
A mother was sad—
A rope for her only son hidden she had.
In the gloom quiet, quiet,
Of a deep dark night
Wouldn't swinging hang hours long, long under
stars bright.

Himself when he'll feel
Chose his last hour will—
The hangman of hanging would not get his thrill.
A mother was glad
A mother was sad—
A rope for her only son, hidden she had.

* * * *

I like the city late at night,
When the stars in the skies are bright,
And felt is the mystery of sleep
In the breath of trees, silence deep.

And I feel that the world is gone,
When only for awhile alone.
And then I feel I am God's child,
Forgotten long in life wild.

And I want to speak to the Friend
Great, that me to this world once sent,
And ask what is a silent night?
A dreaming world and far stars bright.

A little wound in heart
Made by grief I had,
That made me hours long,
That made me hours sad.

Now this pain forgot
And long overcame—
I forgot it when
A woe deeper came.

* * * *

It's a wonderful strange thing
That I early and late, late
Think and think, and think, and think
Of God, men and life and fate.

And to meet was never blessed
One that in my presence feel
Shall—here's one that never rests,
Whose soul is never, never still.

* * * *

O, mother my mother, you that raised me more with
tears than with bread!

What shall I tell you the sweetest and best?
You are the grand mother of all the songs
That I nurse in my breast.

I am born with a soul to pity,
To pity all that are in need.
To feel the woes of the downtrodden.
But I am not a saint and when
I struggle hard most for my own bread,
And fight to have a roof above
My head the misery of men
Forget.
But I vow by the Holy Lord,
And my own long hard struggles swear
That for the bread of all the hungry,
And for their shelter I will fight,
When bread and shelter for myself
Will have.

* * * *

I asked myself what is my gloom?
I answered when the day was done
In glory and in splendor saw
For a short while the setting sun.

I asked myself why do I brood?
And answered through the morning mist,
When hurried to my daily task,
At dawn I saw the sun in east.

I that dreamed of suns of my own,
That wants more light than the Lord made,
Day every long the only sun
That given was me for bread I trade.

When a lion gets old and feeble
And for a rabbit hunt's too weak,
Doesn't he then think of his sad fate?
And doesn't he then to his Lord speak?

Doesn't he then lie and think and think
Why must he crave warm blood and meat?
Why wasn't created by the Lord
That as as zebra grass could eat?

Doesn't he roar his snarling roar
With scoffing innermost and hate?
That live as a king he was born
And die as a mouse is his fate.

* * * *

I'm born of the tribe of Jagudah,
An offspring of the house of David,
Of David, the King and psalm singer.
And God, the Lord great, to me said:
"You don't get no share and no portion
In the Possessions of Jagudah,
And no part you'll get in his dominions,
In the assembly great of mighty
You would not seat. But you will be
To me a singer as David my knight
The King great of Jagudah.

And maybe 'll come to heaven,
As children back to home.
Tired of the long, long day
And tired to play and roam.

And there we'll stories tell—
One killed a butterfly,
And one a garden ruined
And one told a big lie.

And satisfied will laugh
And bold and loud we'll boast,
And we'll dream the next day
Our pranks be wilder must.

* * * *

I heard the Lord laughed bitterly and cried,
I chose you of a generation said,
To be a master and to be a reigning king—
And you dig ditches went to earn your bread.

Souls ages long created and destroyed
And you to be my spokesman were told,
And you for miserable little crusts of bread,
And for a damp and dark cage your life sold.

To give my sweet song life
Blood of my blood I give,
Soul of my soul they get
That a full life could live.

And my blood crying hear:
“Feeble man, spare your blood warm!”
And my soul cries: “Man, save
Your soul for days of storm!”

O fools, fools what they are!
What is blood or a soul?
And what are stormy days
To one that has a goal.

* * * *

Today I wander could and stroll,
Today could at the heavens I stare,
And with delight young in my soul
Breathe a little of God’s air.

But few and counted are my free hours,
And the world of books is so great,
And love must be suppressed of flowers,
And stars when want my own create.

I asked myself: "Why do I sing
Of sun and birds, and youth, and spring?"
The answer was—"Because you live."
I asked myself: "Why do I dream,
And worlds destroy, and worlds redeem?"
The answer was—"Because you live."
I asked: "Why all the burdens bear
Of a hard life, and death I fear?"
And answered—"Because you live."

* * * *

Maybe that miracles to see was oftener given
Than to great multitudes of men, though often
brood
Of my dark life. Stars and clouds fleeting saw in
heaven
And their spell felt and almost understood.

The witness of the birth of thoughts was in my
soul,
And know the glory sad and sweet of hopes that
die,
And in great silence heard of death and life the call,
And when myself I cried I heard my great Lord
cry.

O, let us not love each the other!
O, let us each the other not forgive.
O, let us dear,
Our vows and promises not believe!

O, let us not bless each the other—
It is so hard then to forget.
And let us dream
That each the other never met.

Let us not long each for the other!
And think that I was never born!
And, crying Ill say:
“Not you—but a dream my is forlorn.

O, let us not love each the other!
Let us try each the other hate.
Maybe more kind
Will be to us our cruel fate.

* * * *

Word, words and words again.
so many words I said,
And still my heart is heavy
With words that never said.

I'll break and tear my heart—
And then no heart I'll have.
And then words that are burdens
Again I wouldn't have.

Come will a day so I dream,
That the locks that keep me behind gray wall
 broken will be,
And will be free to wander in field and forest, and
 mountain.
And then will I say to my friend:
"Then," I dream, "I will have a friend."
What is the name of the heavy branched tree?
And the name of the deep-rooted one?
And what is the name of the bird that sings?
And what is the name of the bird that rumps?
And what is the name of that red flower?
And what is the name of that white flower?
And my friend will wonder and will say:
"You are a poet and you don't know the name of
 a tree and flower.
You are a singer
And you don't know the name of a bird.
Tell me what inspired you?
I will seek an answer in silence
And I will think maybe I was inspired
By everything that to know I missed,
By the things that I longed to see and could not,
By the things that I longed to hear and did not,
By the things that I could not gain and approach.
And I will long to tell this my friend,
But I will fear that will be misunderstood—
And I will be silent and think, think of a strange
 fate."

He worshipped her as a meek slave
And she was like a naughty queen.
hers a kind word made happy him,
But seldom a kind word could win.

And for love of another one
She left him with the pain and sting.
But later back she came disgraced
A poor humble slave and found a king.

* * * *

Lord, the sunshine I of you demand—
I am deprived by fate!
And the smiles I didn't get
O, Lord, I await!

I my holy birthright must demand—
'Tis holier than your will.
Till in my soul death
Peace and rest will instill.

* * * *

Little dear, you looked at me
And I know why.
Because in your young heart
Now there lives a little spy.

And he spies days, days long,
And he spies night;
And he seeks, seeks for you
Admiring knights.

If you're a poet, then don't say:

“No beauty is in your life.

And that waste every day

In grudging misery and strife.”

God does not make of gold pure gold.

And of Suns does not He make suns.

Earth to give light is by him told,

And makes to sparkle and twinkle hard stones.

* * * *

I pity all those that are as I

And that with souls as my were born!

Day every for themselves must cry

And every day the world must mourn.

Friends of the world and all alone

When, when can I or they find rest.

God let me the only one

O Lord, Lord, let me be the last.

* * * *

Maybe in the year when the world will die

As never beautiful will be spring.

And gloriously rise the sun will high,

As never flowers blossom and birds sing.

And the world in that year will die

And in the gloomy day when come will my death,
I'll see a happy smiling happy rumping child

That'll call me rump and dance, and peeved'll get,
That wouldn't share heartily all its pranks wild,

And this'll be the day of my death.

The yellow leaves on the trees whisper, whisper,
whisper:

“Our days are gone, our life is past. We fall and
fall.

And there is no other world for us that is to come,
And never back to life and youth will hear the
Lord’s call.”

O, poor and dying, brooding leaves, don’t cry, don’t
cry!

O, not alone in the world gloomy are that fall—
O! withering’s my face and a girl sad I know
That dies as you do with a brooding withered soul.

* * * *

God, are you sometimes a man?
And the truth as men to see you dare,
Boldly as a man admit when wrong,
’s your desire as men’s is to be fair.

Or handicapped you are
By your will that’s powerful and great,
Or learned only to command
And from nothing misery create.

My known and unknown brother friend,
God shall from the great misery
Save you of being right in the world!
O, I know what it is—It was my fate
Sad to be often right in the world.
My known and unknown sister friend,
I bless you with the greatest blessing
I know that never shall attain
The state of sainthood. O, I know
What it is. It was my sad fate
Sometimes to be a saint.

* * * *

Covered with brambles factory walls
Strangers make to feel at ease,
And their love for graceful please.
But behind the brambled green walls
Broken hearts are and broken souls.
Factories brambled me don't deceive.
They are evil in a new style,
It is the devil's pleasing smile.
They can happy fools deceive
But I never will them believe.

Deny it, if you only can,
That our fear of the world and fate
Is the fear of little helpless beast
Of monsters great.

Deny it, if you only can,
That pray in sorrow and despair,
When challenge would and scoff and curse,
If we would dare.

* * * *

A little girl kneeled before a cross
To worship and to pray,
To plead and beg for many things,
In a wise childish way.

She whispered: "Father—Lord, give me
The bitterness of things
That are as honey mellow sweet,
And feel the joy of stings."

"O let me hear and see," she said,
"A serpent's cheerful joy—
And let me know when a little lark
The world wants to destroy."

Lord, send me suffering of soul
Try me with misery, O Lord!
But as men justify my pains,
O Lord, Lord justify my sorrows!

It isn't the woes that I fear,
Not they my heart break, but the thoughts
And doubts of their strange mystery,
They cry of the baffled soul why, why?

* * * *

Out of the way I seek a way
Because was told: "Be brave, be bold,
And storm face, and face blizzard cold,
And find for men a way."

Far from the world brood for the world,
Depths of its pains my soul attains
Because in my heart and my veins
Runs the blood of the world.

* * * *

O yesterday I thought,
I love your youthful eyes
But when we love the stars
We love the blue, blue, skies.

O yesterday I thought,
That smiling my heart win.
But, when the flowers love,
We love the valley green.

I wouldn't dare to face my Lord,
If wouldn't win.
O, this would be my greatest shame,
My greatest sin.

Before he thought of all the world
He thought of me.
And, if with bowed head back would come,
How pained would be.

And in his hopes and dreams deceived
My Lord would cry.
And million times me recreate
Again would try.

And of this great pain and struggle
My Lord must save
A million times on me for him
Enoughs' to slave.

* * * *

God wanted to create a wonder great
Of fire and he created light and stars, and suns.
God wanted to create a wonder great
Of water and lakes, He made to fall on rocks and
stones.

God wanted to create a wonder great
Of colors subtle and he told to grow grass and
tree.

God wanted to create a wonder great
Of flesh and bones and he created men and me.

I awoke at night and in my sleepy mind
Thought I am yet a little helpless child,
That awoke and my dear mother didn't find,
And I wanted to cry loud and wild.

But to think regained my whole power I
And I did not cry.
No, I cried, cried but no one around could hear,
As a little child's soul, my poor soul cried.

But you wouldn't see then my a bitter tear—
Every sigh of mine in my heart died.
O, as a child I could not cry then,
So cried as a man.

* * * *

When the young are called in battlefield,
To murder and to kill,
We as our sisters and our mothers
This horror great can't feel.

If on the battlefield would be shed,
The warm blood of girls young,
If rot on mountain sides they would
Unburied for days long.

Then, then maybe it would be men
That would the horror feel
Of sending mothers, sisters, wives
To murder and to kill.

When twilight dawns,
The world is sad;
And shadows speak
Of all the dead.

And man, poor man,
Is a helpless beast,
And man's deep pain
's in a bird's breast.

And stars twinkle, twinkle,
In thoughtful fear,
Though to the Lord
They are so near.

When twilight dawns,
Your poor soul cries;
And something feel
In your heart dies.

* * * *

Another book of Poems, "Fragments of a Life," by the same author, is in preparation and soon will be published.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-42m-8,'49 (B5573) 444

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 247 622 2

PS
3549
Z64f

